rificed Himself.

of anybody on earth.

that original war party.

"Hang it, don't bother me any more

Probably every old traveler on the sys-

friends after the second trip through the

much bigger, and riding again to or from

ing over the date limits on the margins of

the coupon tickets, and, handing the en-

velopes back, will look at the children and

If you have ever gone over our line to

member at McCloud, where they change

the platform line. It looks like a glass of

a regular West End day, sunny and de-

ing under the catalpas a shy, dark-skinned

girl of fourteen or fifteen years, silently

And after the new engine had been

backed, champing down, and harnessed to

his helper had disposed of their slice-bar

and shovel, and given the tender a final

leisurely forward, compared time with the

as your coach moved slowly ahead, you

might notice under the receding catalpas

daughter, Neeta Sankey. Her mother was

Spanish, and died when Neeta was a wee

bit. Neeta and the Limited were Sankey's

When Georgie Sinclair began pulling the

Limited, running west opposite Foley, he

talk; perhaps because when he was pull-

of the Overland.

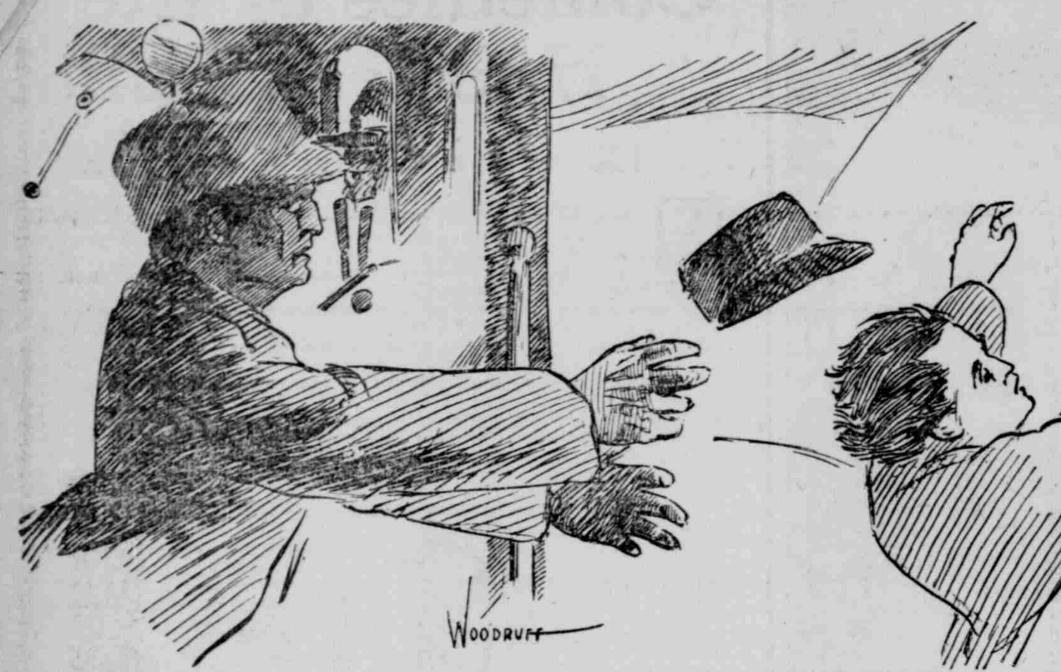
If it happened to be Sankey's run and

say, slowly, "He isn't running any more."

make it Sankey, and be done with it."

never disgraced it.

Sankey's Double Header, a Thrilling Railroad Story, by Frank H. Spearman



He hurled Sinclair like a block of coal through the gangway and into the gorge.

way. Expressions of pained surprise came

that more courtesy should they soon secured chairs at ing to find something for them to eat. Nearly all of the appetizing things had been devoured long ago,

which we contributed." "The salad and the turkey are all gone,"

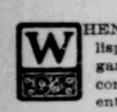
of our salad and turkey gone?" she said. as she surveyed the trembling waitress with "You knew that my daughwere coming to this-this-this Why couldn't something have been us?" And then, without waiting for an answer, she turned to the two young added: "Come, my dears, let basis, us be going. We have certainly done our

a fearfully meager affair. So little had

duty. We sent down most of the supper

until 11 o'clock washing tables and floors, while irritable husbands sat around vowing to each

AN INVISILE COMPANION.



lisping and toddling about, he be-

One day, after Roy's long curls were

"Now mamma, here's Gene. He's tore his erpon and his face's got candy all over it, and its in his hair.' Then mamma went through the form of

washing a very reluctant little boy. mamma, not so hard," said Roy, "Gene's "How big is Gene?" mamma asked, and Roy, acting as though he were standing attracting him, he did not play so much close to another, said: "There mamma, Gene's head is just this high," reaching to

the top of his ear.

"Is Gene's hair in long curls like your's, and are his eyes blue?" mamma asked. "Oh no, don't you know?" said Roy, looking vexed. "He's got b'own eyes and his hair is b'own and little curls." "Oh," said mamma, "that is why it is

so hard to comb. When Roy was four years old his mother was planning a trip to Virginia, and part of the new things for Roy had to be given to Gene, for he was determined to take him. While his mother was packing the trunk Roy watched the process, and would not leave until he saw that Gene's things were

It was quite bothersome to have two little boys to look after on the trip, and mamma trice to persuade Roy that Gene would rather stay at home, that they were not his cousins that they were going to see, and that he would be afraid of so

many little colored children. But Roy They were speeding away on the train.

almost to their destination, when Roy, after sitting silently and thinking, said: "Mamma, I am going to send Gene back. He'll be afraid of the colored children. I'm going to send him back." Yes I would," said mamma, "it would Then Roy, stretching out his little hands and pushing, said: "Go back Gene, I'll

play with you when I come home." someone out of sight, and said: "There,

During the several weeks of their visit Roy did not mention Gene, but a few days after their return home Roy ran in shout-After Roy was five-years old, other th

way. Expressions of pained surprise came into town. They tore around like a storm, storm of votes for old man Sankey. Doton's into the faces of the elderly lady and her man Sankey. Doton's friends and Stewart's votes kent pouring

A Number of Indianapolis Gentlemen Tell How They Think on Tom Porter, sitting in the dispatcher's ened; they pooled their issues by throw-Women Should Manage Household Affairs

QUESTION that is often dis-, believed in conducting household affairs just to show him that she is much shrewd-

The servant-girl problem now adds so tion that many women whose household affairs have hitherto run smoothly are at a said the duchess, "we care loss how to proceed. As a rule, they get unteered being usually to the effect that if they would conduct their affairs in a more business-like way they would escape trouble. As to the details of such management, however, they are commonly very vague. Recently a Journal representative, thinkterviewed a number of well-known citizens. Mr. Paul H. Krauss was one of the first

er than he gives her credit for being.

woman managing her home on a business that she can do it, even if it were to her liking. The help she has about her home tained scarcely any- is very different from that which a man has thing and many a party in his office or business house. With him his help is directly under his supervision; he does it, but with a woman controlling her the most part, is in the kitchen, and unless she stays there all the time herself she does not have a direct control over it as does the man; then, duties come up in

> culations so far as a rigid system is con-Mr. Barton E. Parrott said he thought everything depended upon circumstances, and in his argument to sustain his views,

> and these, of course, would upset all cal-

There are families who get to a certain financial point where they do not have to look after every little detail. I believe system of bookkeeping so that an itemized that every one should live within his means, account can be kept he does not overstep this. A woman should at least have this much business ability for conducting household affairs. about her. Young married people, as a gen-IEN Roy was quite small, just | eral thing, start their housekeeping on business principles; this system, however, soon grows monotonous to them, and they shift gan playing with an imaginary to letting everything take care of itself and to paying for it when the bill comes in. Of course, to conduct things accord- all calculations. To do this a woman does

stances demand !!. said Mr. W. S. Wickard. "I don't think she has not the opportunity to learn busishe has so many duties to perform, both social and domestic, that it is impossible for her to learn them thoroughly enough to manage her house according to the laws ferent people have of transacting affairs of | the family, and I will venture to say if they | watching the preparations for the departure of the house is thrown in contact with a more happy and contented homes." at duping or cheating her on the least provocation. It is my opinion that it is the because in his general run of business he understands the methods employed by varithe daily business transactions of his house-

hold comes under the head of his general Mr. Harry W. Griffith, when asked if he ing her.

with the invisible companion One day his father said: "Roy, what has become of Gene; I haven't heard you mention him for a good while?" "Gene!" Oh he's dead."

"Dead!" "Yes, he had the chicken cox, and he

And that was the last of Gene. LITERATURE FOR STATESMEN.

Thoughts Suggested by the Report of

Volumes Purchased For Senators. Kansas City Star.

ical Mr. Daniel, of Virginia, while Mr. J. k. Jones solated bimself for his defeat Then | with a "Smith's Dictionary"-whether of he looked out of the window as if watching | "the Bible," "Mythology," or "Antiquities"

> The government furnishes this literature for the purpose of informing its faithful servants on public affairs. Hence it may from the publications which they selected. and most scrupulous of public servants.

'Yes, sir. That is the only means a man's knowing just where his money is a man gives his wife an allowance, and make it up any way; so what is the use of giving her any stated amount. Nine whole band to brake on freight trains, Old pot of money. allowance, will manage to spend it, and no matter whether expenses run lower from is ever turned back into the treasury. Of tion where he does not have to watch this, the other hand, if he is not in that condition he has to see that he is living within his means. I believe that an itemized account should be kept, so that it can be easily told just where every dollar is going. However, after all is said, I guess it is all a matter

Mr. Horace E. Ryan contends that the nanagement of the home is a family matter, and that the husband and wife should both see to it without reducing it to any strict business principle.

"It doesn't seem to me," he said, "that is a question whether a woman should manage her home on a business basis, but whether she would. I don't believe in a explained several times that it was Sit- kindling wood. spend, and I don't think that it seems reasonable to cut the household affairs down to a regular business routine. One month a person may want to buy carpets, draperies, furniture or clothing, and as this occurs but seldom, no exact allowance can be made. I believe in people getting together and talking over what is needed to run affairs that way.

"There is one necessary thing in busiseen and asked what he thought about a ness, and that is, if a woman naturally has | tered: not the instinct she should acquire it, and that is to always demand a receipt for every account she pays and to keep that receipt. There are lots of women who do not consider the value of receipts and do not keep them; consequently an account is often paid twice. While I don't think that a woman in her management of a house should have any particular system of bookkeeping or rigid business rules, because I nsider that they are not practical, I do believe enough business methods should be employed about housekeeping that economy Said Mr. J. A. Rink, when asked about

> women running their houses upon a busi-"Yes. I think a woman should have full control of her house, and that she should manage it in a business-like manner. Any woman who takes an interest in her home can acquire enough business method to manage it accordingly; it does not require a by a little patience she can soon learn it. She should keep account of everything that comes and goes from the house, keep all

> receipts, and should conduct the whole af-

fair as one would a store or any other

business concern. "I believe," said Mr. David C. Braden. 'in a man's giving his wife an allowance of so much whenever his money comes in. either by the week or month. Upon this allowance she should base all calculations, conditions and circumstances that he is in. | that does not come under the ordinary dealings, then an extra allowance should be made. I think a woman should have a

Mr. Henry J. Huder is another one of

the men who believe in business methods 'Yes," he said, "I think every woman should conduct her home on the same principle that the man does his business; that is, the financial part of it. My opinion is that she should be given an allowance every month, and upon this she should base not necessarily have to be a business woman. I think that any woman who will apply herself a little can learn business value of money and where she has \$100 a month to spend, and at the end of the month accounts amounting to \$150 come in -there is bound to be trouble. I will not. however, lay it all on the shoulders of the woman, and say that she does not know the value of money, for very often we find men with the same tendencies. It is my opinwide field that she has not the time, so to | ion that if people will live within their means they will not have any friction in

would live this way that it would make It seems to be the general sentiment among men that household affairs should be conducted upon a business basis, so far husband's place to see to all such things, as the financial part of it is concerned. A number of other men gave their opinions. but they took exactly the same stand as ous people; then, I think that looking after | the majority of those whose remarks are quoted. And after all their talk none of them threw any light on the real domestic and swung in again; after the fireman and problem-that of getting a cook and keep-

> Doubtless, too, other members of the upper House have slaked their thirst from similar Pierian springs. Nothing could be more reassuring to the public than to look over this list of publications. There is a popular disposition to regard the Senate as a Machiavellan body, more or less given | the little girl waving a parasol, or a handto intrigue, more or less influenced by sinister motives. This unworthy suspicion must be instantly banished by a glance at Senator Clark's list of periodicals. It is simply preposterous to dream of 'plots and inductions dangerous" in a reader of the Ladies' Home Journal or the Delineator. A senator who derives his inspiration directly from Mr. Bok's editorials connection with a postoffice appointment. St. Nicholas and villainy do not go hand in hand. When a high official's views as to government policy are molded by the Youth's Companion the country is safe. No evil suggestions as to the use of patronage are to be drawn from the spotless pages of the Delineator. Marcus Aurelius, too, is a safe guide for statesmen. great Roman's reflections as to lying abed n the morning, his calm acquiescence in the universe, could suggest no great malicious designs to a senator. "Smith's Dictionary," too, is harmless, though the country would be glad to know whether it is Missionary Herald were the pagen or the Christian one. All things considered, the Nation has reason to be delighted with the literature

which the senators are obtaining at gov-

ernment expense for the purpose of in-

forming themselves on public questions.

sulting the "Dare Devil Dick" series or

"The Dead Man's Hand" there would

light of these revelations it is manifestly

absurd to look upon the upper House as

have been just cause for alarm. But in the | we had

E oldest man in the train serv- | train. By-an-by there was an introducice didn't pretend to say how long | tion under the catalpas; after that it was Sankey had worked for the com- noticed that Georgie began wearing gloves pany. Pat Francis was a very on the engine-not kid gloves, but yellow old conductor; but old man Sank- dogskin-and black silk shirts; he bought ey was a veteran when Pat Francis began | them in Denver. braking. Sankey ran a passenger train Then-an odd way engineers have of paywhen Jimmy Brady was running-and Jim- ing compliments-when Georgie pulled into mie afterwards enlisted and was killed in town on No. 2, if it was Sankey's train, the

There was an odd tradition about Sank- scream, a most peculiar note, just as they ey's name. He was a tall, swarthy fellow, drew past Sankey's house, which stood and carried the blood of a Sioux chief in | the brow of the hill west of the yards. his veins. It was in the time of the Black | Then Neeta would know that No. 2 and her Hills excitement, when railroad men struck father, and, naturally, Mr. Sinclair, were by the gold fever were abandoning their in again, and all safe and sound. trains, even at way-stations, and striking | When the railway trainmen held their di-

across the divide for Clark's crossing. Men | vision fair at McCloud there was a lantern to run the trains were hard to get, and to be voted to the most popular conductor-Tom Porter, trainmaster, was putting in a gold-plated lantern with a green curtain every man he could pick up, without ref- in the globe. Cal Stewart and Ben Doton, who were very swell conductors, and great Porter-he died at Julesburg afterwards- rivals, were the favorites, and had the town was a great jollier, and he wasn't afraid divided over their chances for winning it.

But during the last moments Georgie Sin-One day a war party of Sloux clattered | clair stepped up to the booth and cast a and threatened to scalp everything, even to friends and Stewart's votes kept pouring local tickets. The head braves dashed in in amazingly. The favorites grew frighting under a loose plank in the baggage- do. Georgie Sinclair, with a crowd of enroom floor; Tom, being bald as a sand gineers-Cameron, Moore, Foley, Bat Mulhill, considered himself exempt from scalp- len, and Burns-came back at them with ing parties. He was working a game of sol- such a swing that in the final round-up If taire when they bore down on him, and they fairly swamped Doton. Sankey took interested them at once. That led to a the lantern by a thousand votes, but I unparley, which ended in Porter's hiring the derstood it cost Georgie and his friends a

man Sankey is said to have been one of the lantern, but, just the same, he always Now this is merely a caboose story-told carried that particular lantern, with his on winter nights when trainmen get stalled | full name, Sylvester Sankey, ground into in the snow drifting down from the Sloux | the glass just below the green mantle. Pretit makes little difference to him; but, on country. But what follows is better at- ty soon-Neeta being then eighteen-it was rumored that Sinclair was engaged to Miss Sankey, to start with, had a peculiar Sankey-was going to marry her. And name-an unpronounceable, unspellable, un- marry her he did; though that was not unmanageable name. I never heard it; so I | til after the wreck in the Blackwood gorge can't give it. It was as hard to catch as the time of the Big Snow.

an Indian cur, and that name made more | It goes yet by just that name on the West trouble on the payrolis than all the other | End; for never was such a winter and such names put together. Nobody at headquar- a snow known on the plains and in the ters could handle it; it was never turned | mountains. One train on the northern diin twice alike, and they were always writ- vision was stalled six weeks that winter, ing Tom Porter about the thing. Tom | and one whole coach was chopped up for

ting Bull's ambassador who was drawing that money, and that he usually signed the payroll with a tomahawk. But nobody at | the artery which connected the two coasts. It was a hard winter on trainmen. Week The first time Tom went down he was after week the snow kept falling and blowwas to keep it clear. Every day we sent about the name; and being in a hurry, and very tired of the whole business, Tom splut- out trains with the fear that we should not | that we began to take heart. see them again for a week.

Freight we didn't pretend to move; local They took Tom at his word. They actual- supplied, we were obliged to carry, and ly did make it Sankey; and that's how our after that all the brains and the muscle and the motive power were centered on of the famous singer. And more I may say; keeping 1 and 2, our through passenger good name as it was-and is-the Sloux

there were no cowards on our rolls. But after too long a strain men became extem knew Sankey. He was not only always ready to answer questions, but, what | hausted, benumbed, indifferent-reckless even. The nerves give out, and will-power same question twice: it is that which makes | seems to halt on indecision-but decision is conductors gray-headed and spoils their | the life of the fast train.

less fight like Sankey. Sankey was patient Sankey-he was so dark. But he had a the elements, ferocious. All the fighting very quiet smile, that always made them | blood of his ancestors seemed to course again in the struggle with the winter king. sleepers, and they sometimes ran about I can see him yet, on bitter days, standasking for him after he had left the train. ing alongside the track, in a heavy pea-Of late years-and it is this that hurts- jacket and Napoleon boots, a sealskin cap these very same children, grown ever so drawn snugly over his straight, black hair, California or Japan or Australia, will ask with its frost-bitten sleepers behind a ro- the sun again. when they reach the West End about the tary, struggled to buck through the ten and twenty-foot cuts, which lay bankful of But the conductors who now run the over- | snow west of McCloud.

if we could win out. A dozen times the line was all but choked on us. And then, when | well. desperate, there came a storm that dis- hovered. What he was not capable of in

ed thirty feet in the Blackwood canon. It was 6 o'clock when we got the word, against it. They bucked away till noon with tured. It looked as if we were beaten,

No. 1 got into McCloud eighteen bours late; it was Sankey's and Sinclair's run There was a long council in the round-

of coal behind her, but she was reported stuck fast in the Cheyenne Hills,

made suggestions. Everybody had a suggestion left; the trouble was, Neighbor said, they didn't amount to anything, or baffled collie. He looked doubtful of the "It's a dead block, boys," announced Neighbor, sullenly, after everybody had

done. "We are beaten unless we can get No. 1 through to-day. Look there; by the holy poker, it's snowing again!"

of the stove, was making tracings on his

never get 'em through this winter." And it was then that Sankey proposed

Even the fireman used to observe that the | precedes a desperate venture. It was talked | that ever crowned victory.

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quick as it could be made ready. All that day and most of the night Neighbor worked twenty men on Sankey's device.

By Sunday morning it was in such shape "If she don't get through she'll get back again, and that's what most of 'em don't

do," growled Neighbor, as he and Sankey

showed the new ram to the engineers. They had taken the 566, Georgie Sinclair's engine, for one head, and Burns's 497 for the other. Behind these were Kennedy with the 314 and Cameron with the 296. The engines were set in pairs, headed each way, and buckled up like pack-mules. Over the pilots and stacks of the head engines rose the tremendous plows which were to tackle

the toughest drifts ever recorded, before or since, on the West End. The ram was designed to work both ways. Under the coal each tender was loaded with pig-iron. sidetracked in the yards, watched the preparations Sankey was making to clear the their preliminary maneuvers. Just as the the sun burst through the fleecy clouds, and a wild cheer followed the ram out of the western yard-it was good luck to see

Little Neeta, up on the hill, must have seen them as they pulled out; surely she heard the choppy, ice-bitten screech of the 566: that was never forgotten whether the stinct just what had to be done and how head cab of the ram carried this time not only Georgie Sinclair, but her father as the word which leaked from headquarters Sankey could handle a slice-bar as well as a punch, and rode on the head engine, where, if anything, the big chances the train service we never knew, because he was stronger than any emergency that ever confronted him.

Bucking snow is principally brute there is little coaxing. Just west of the bluffs, like code signals between a fleet of cruisers, there was a volley of sharp tooting, and in a minute the four ponderous engines, two of them in the back motion, fires white and throats bursting, steamed wildly into the canon. Six hundred feet from the first cut Sin-

clair's whistle signaled again; Burns and Cameron and Kennedy answered, and then, literally turning the monster ram loose against the dazzling mountain, the crews settled themselves for a shock. At such a moment there is nothing to be done. If anything goes wrong eternity is too close to consider. There comes a

muffled drumming on the steam chests-a stagger and a terriffic impact-and then the recoil like the stroke of a triphammer. The snow shoots into the air fifty feet, and the wind carries a cloud of fleecy confusion over the ram and out of the cut. The cabs were buried in white, and the great steel frames of the engines sprung like knitting needles under the frightful blow. Pausing for hardly a breath, the signaling again began. Then the backing; up and up and up the line; and again the massive machines were hurled screaming into the

"You're getting there, Georgie," lurching had stopped. No one else could teli and snow; above and behind, and ahead claim until the mist had blown clear and the quivering monsters were again re-

called for a dash. Then it was plain that Sankey's instinct was right; they were onche over the stacks, packing the banks of the cut with walls hard as ice. Again as the drivers stuck they raced in a frenzy, and into the shrick of the wind went the unearthly scrape of the overloaded safe-

"She's doing the work, Georgie," cried Sankey. "For that kind of a cut she's as

a rotary. Look everything over back and see how the boys are "You'll standing it. Then we'll give her one more, and give it the hardest kind." other. Men at Santiago put up no stouter fight than they made that Sunday morning

in the canon of the Blackwood. Once and | thirty days. the drivers held, pushed, panted, and gained against the white wall-heaved and stumaled ahead-and with a yell from Sinclair and Sankey and the fireman, the doublethe Blackwood gorge. As engine after enthe state of mind which | took up the cry-it was the wildest shout | ing cast or traveling west-Sankey isn't Through they went and half-way across

neater the days that he took out Sankey's given by the superintendent to rig up the monster catapult. Then at a half-full they I

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shot it back at the cut-it worked as we "The thing is done," declared Sankey Then they got into position up the line for a final shoot to clean the eastern cut and get the head for a dash across the bridge into the west end of the canon,

said Sankey to the engineers. "If nothing's sprung we'll take a full head across the gorge-the bridge will carry anything and buck the west cut. Then after we get No. 1 through this afternoon Neighbor can get his baby cabs in here and keep 'em chasing all night; but it's done snow-ing," he added, looking into the leaden

He had everything figured out for the master mechanic-the shrewd, kindly old man. There's no man on earth like a good Indian; and for that matter none like a bad one. Sankey knew by a military inbeen assistant superintendent. That was after he got killed.

And with a volley of jokes between the

cabs, and a laughing and a yelling between toots, down went Sankey's doubleheader again into the Blackwood gorge, At the same moment, by an awful misunderstanding of orders, down came the big rotary from the West End with a dozen cars of coal behind it. Mile after mile it burrowed through the western cut of the Blackwood, crashed through the drift Sankey was aiming for, and whirled then into the open, dead against him, at forty miles an hour. Each train, in order to make the grade and the blockade, was straining the cylinders.

Through the swirling snow which half hid the bridge and swept between the rushyelled. Sankey saw them a fraction of a second later, and while Sinclair struggled with the throttle and the air. Sankey gave fellows in the blind pockets behind. the track was at the worst. Where there self couldn't have been worse to stop on. It was the old and deadly peril of fighting blockades from both ends on a single track. The great rams of steel and fire had done their work, and with their common enemy overcome they dashed at each other frenzied across the Blackwood gorge. The fireman at the first cry shot out the side. Sankey yelled at Sinclair to jump.

But George shook his head; he never would tump. Without hesitating an instant, Sankey caught him in his arms, tore him from the levers, planted a mighty foot, and burled Sinclair like a block of coal through cabs were already emptied; but the instant's he could turn, the rotary crashed into 566, They reared like mountain lions and pitched headlong into the gorge; Sankey went under them.

He could have saved himself; he chose to save George. There wasn't time to do both; he had to choose, and he chose instinctively. Did he, maybe, think in that flash of Neeta and of whom she needed most-of a young and stalwart protector better than an old and a failing one? I do not know; I only know what he did. Every one who jumped got clear. clair lit in twenty feet of snow, and they scratched; even the bridge was not badly snow; not enough to hide the dead engines There never was a funeral in McCloud like Sankey's. George Sinclair and Neeta

followed together; and of mourners there were as many as there were people. Every engine on the division carried black for His contrivance for fighting snow has never yet been beaten on the high line. It is perilous to go against a drift behind itsomething has to give. But it gets there-as Sankey got there-

always; and in time of blockade and desperation on the West End they still send out Sankey's double-header; though Sankey -so the conductors tell the children, travel-

young engineer, always neat, looked still over for an hour, and orders were finally the bridge before they could check their [Copyright, 1904, Sampson-Hodges Co., Chi-